

92 Cliffe Gardens

# EXAMINATION SPECIAL: CADET IN CONTROL!

PROG 421  
8 JUNE 85

£1.45 Malaysia  
85c Australia  
85c New Zealand  
80g Mercury  
210g Venus  
10g Mars  
10g Asteroid Belt  
110g Saturn  
10g Neptune  
2g Pluto

**24p**  
EARTH  
MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

# 2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

OKAY, BRISCO -  
WHAT DO I DO NOW?





# NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I, Tharg the Perfectionist, am not completely satisfied with this prog. "What?" I hear you cry. "How can the mighty Betelgeusian be anything other than thrilled with a comic which contains *Slaine*, *Anderson* and *Strontium Dog*? Could anyone in their right mind fail to be overjoyed about an eight-page *Judge Dredd* mega-story? What more could we humble readers ask for than a tantalising glimpse into the zarjaz 2000 AD SCI-FI SPECIAL '85, which we believe goes on sale any minute now?" Well, Earthlets, if you put it like that... perhaps you're right. I was being too hard on myself - this is indeed a perfect prog. Let the thrill-power commence! SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

## THARG

### GREAT BIG HAIRY...

Dear Tharg,

I am writing to your Command Module to ask about the meaning of the initials G-B-H (as in the character from *Ace Trucking Co*). Do they mean, as in their usual translation, Grievous Bodily Harm? This would seem to fit G-B-H's personality!

From Earthlet Matthew Vernon-Stroud, Solihull. £5 Winner.

The initials G-B-H do not stand for Grievous Bodily Harm, as you would have discovered for yourself from a quick glance into an English/Sh'a'ka'kan dictionary.

### VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

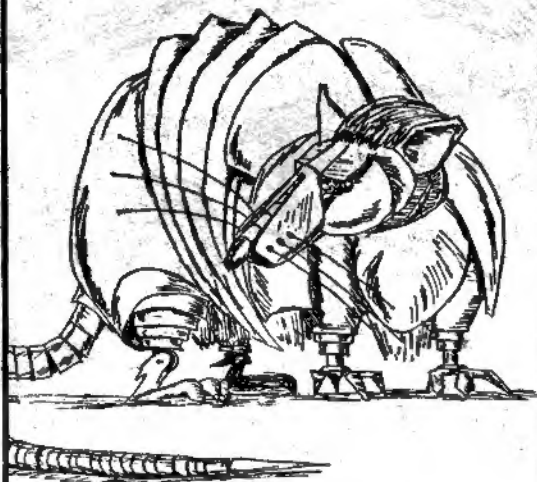
- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **421**

### THE MIGHTY ONE

#### THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT



Drawn by Earthlet David Neylan, Brentford. £10 Winner.

#### KILL THRILL SEARCH

Dear Tharg,

I have been looking all over Bournemouth for a copy of the computer game "The Killing", starring Johnny Alpha. Everywhere I've looked, however, I've had the same result - no *Strontium Dog*! Please, O Mighty Master of the Galaxy, let me know where I can find one of these thrill-powered cassettes.

From Earthlet Enzo Marra, Bournemouth. £5-as-a-reward-for-trying-so-hard Winner.

It shall be done. Try writing to QUICKSILVA MAIL ORDER, P.O. BOX 6, WIMBORNE, DORSET BH21 7PY.

#### GREY MATTER

Dear Mighty One,

I, your loyal servant, wish to record a worrying discovery. The front cover of the 1981 2000 AD ANNUAL shows your mighty personage with brown hair - but in all later publications your hair is grey. Please put my nerves at ease, and tell me it was a mistake. You're not getting old, are you? Does this mean



Drawn by Earthlet Gordon Kinloch, Richmond. £10 Winner.

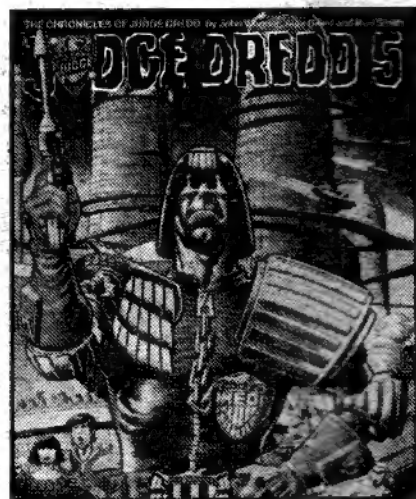
an end to thrill-power as we know it? Have you tried Grecian 2000?

From curious Earthlet J. C. Budge, Dagenham. £5 Winner.

My hair has always been a rather fetching silvery grey. The colour you saw on my zarjaz annual was a highlight reflecting from the logo above my head. The thrill-power will never end, and I see no reason to program a special Greek edition of my cosmic comic.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

### HE IS THE LAW!



Judge Dredd Book 5 features six classic Dredd stories written by John Wagner with art by Ron Smith. There is a vicious murder plot in *Who Killed Pug Ugly*; a sci-fi war in *Unamerican Graffiti*; a food war in *The League of Fatties*; a game of destruction derby in *Mega-Way Madness* and an impossible crime case in *The Invisible Man*, plus increasing madness in *City Blood*. 64pp. Softcover £4.75 incl. P&P.

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IN DUNC RENALDO BLOCK'S  
ZOOM STOP, SLEEPY  
TRAVELLERS AWAIT THE  
ARRIVAL OF THE 0330  
UPTOWN ZOOM-

HERE SHE COMES  
AT LAST!

WILL I BE GLAD TO HIT  
THE SACK TONIGHT!



GREETINGS!

WHAAAA?

FSSSSSS!

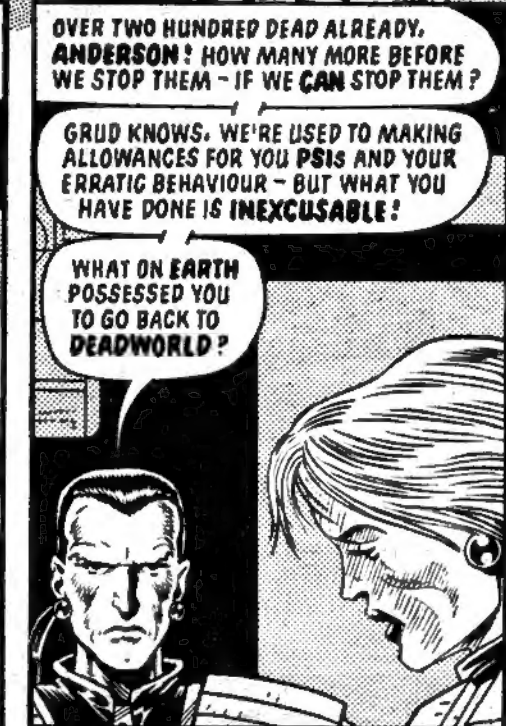
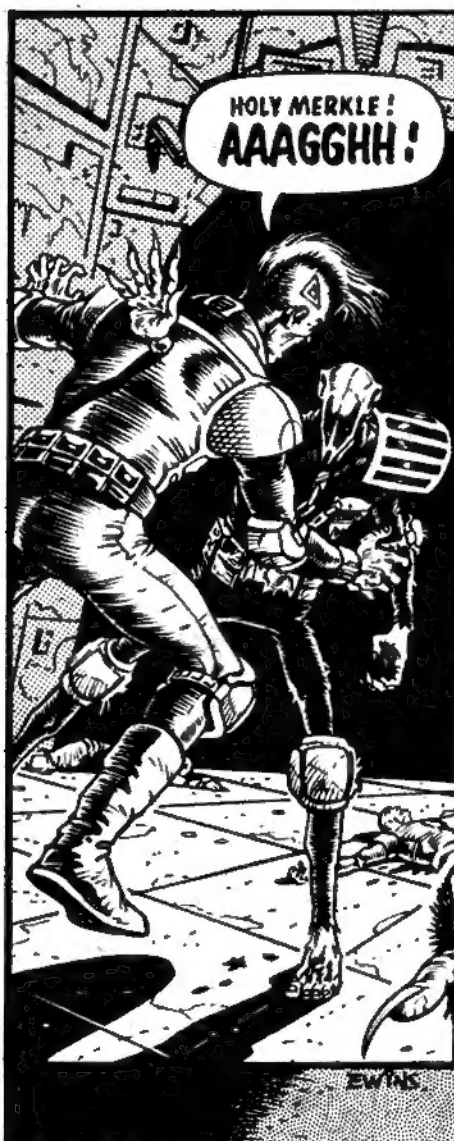
HEY, THAT'S SOME  
FANCY DRESS, BUB!  
GOOD PARTY, WAS  
IT?

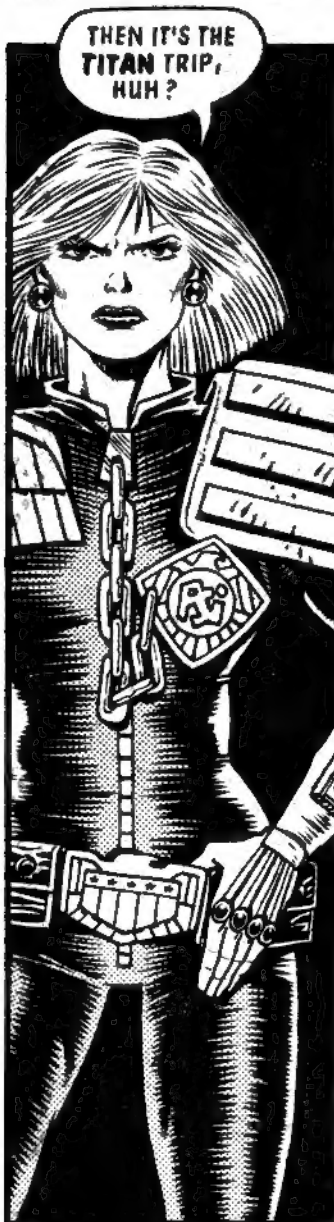
FOR YOU, THE  
PARTY ISSS OVER,  
LAWBREAKER!

AAAAAA

ANDERSON **PSI** DIVISION





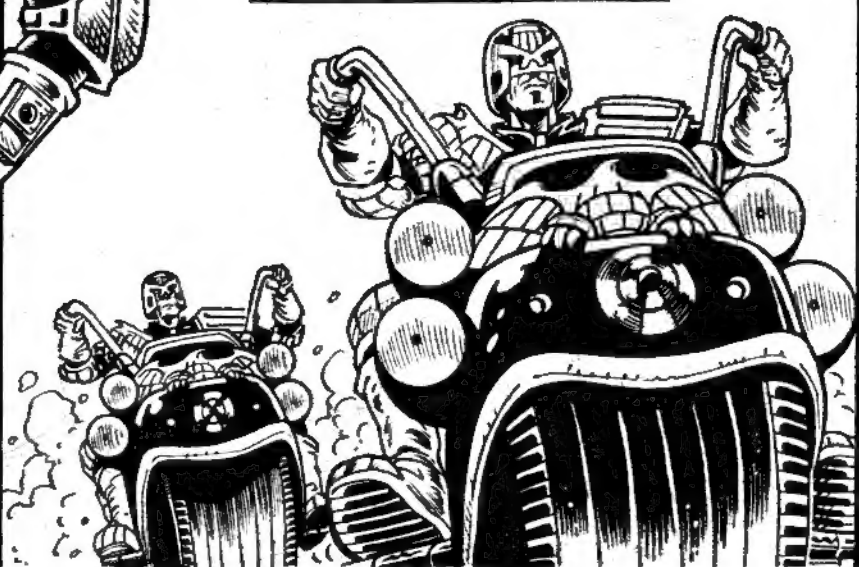


**TITAN, THE SPACE PENITENTIARY WHERE ERRANT JUDGES SERVED A MANDATORY 20 YEARS -**

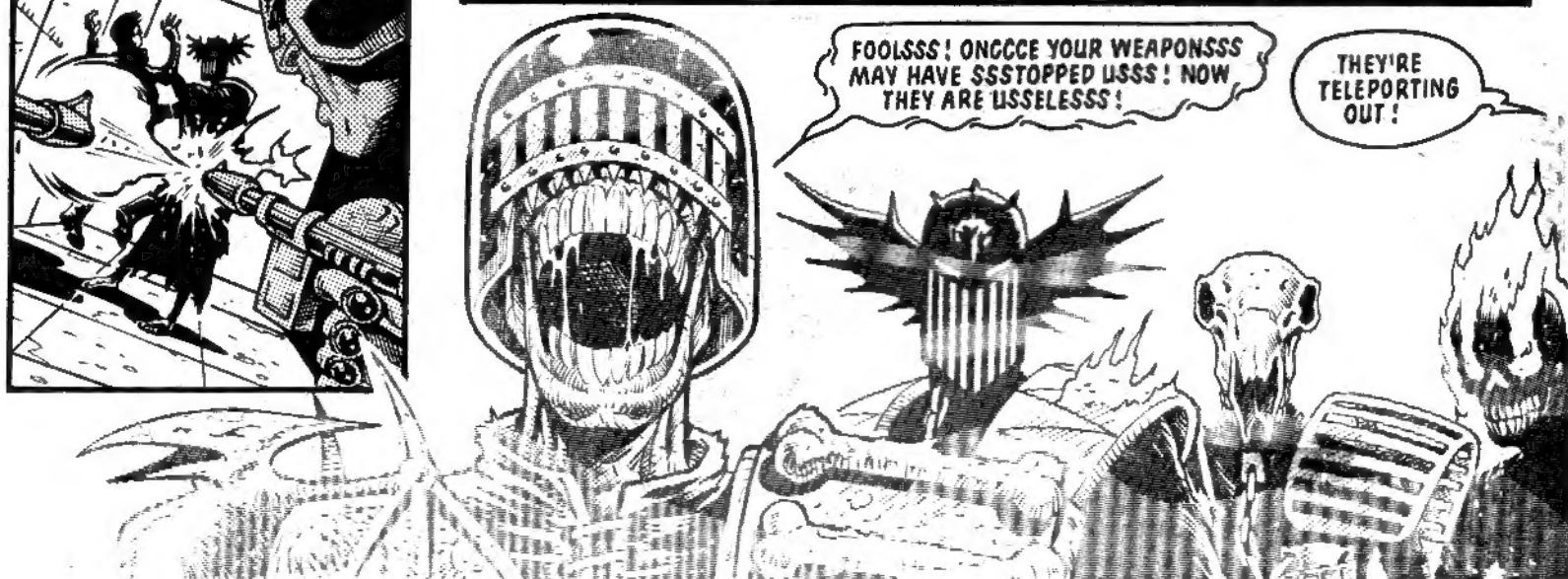
AIN'T GONNA BE SUCH A PRETTY FACE ONCE THE TITAN DOGS GET THROUGH WITH ME. STILL, CAN'T SAY I DON'T DESERVE IT...



**MEANWHILE, JUDGES POUR INTO THE STRICKEN DUNC RENALDO BLOCK -**









CONTROL!  
WE'VE LOST THEM  
AGAIN!

IN JUSTICE DEPT'S  
PSI DIVISION,  
JUDGE OMAR  
CO-ORDINATES THE  
PSYCHIC SEARCH-

MESSAGE JUST IN - THE  
DARK JUDGES HAVE  
MOVED ON,  
WHEREABOUTS  
UNKNOWN!

DAMN! YOU  
PRE-COGS  
HAVE GOT TO  
DO BETTER!

WE MUST STEAL A JUMP ON THEM -  
FIND OUT WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE  
BEFORE THEY GET THERE!



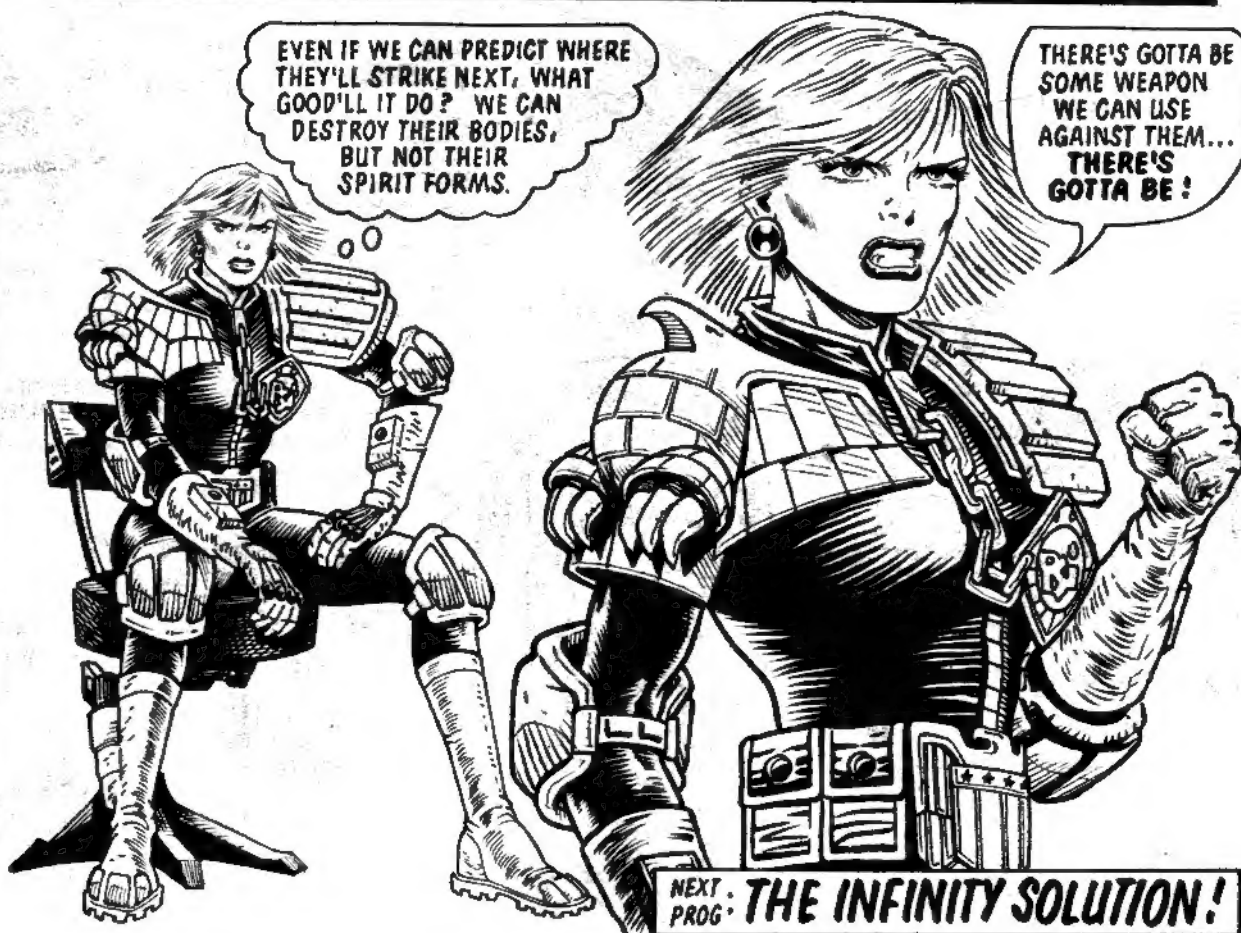
IT'S NO GOOD, SIR.  
THEY KNOW WE'RE SCANNING.  
THEY'RE FOGGING OUR MINDS,  
PREVENTING US GETTING  
THROUGH.



THE POWER OF THOSE  
CREEPS IS JUST  
FRIGHTENING!



IN HER QUARTERS,  
JUDGE ANDERSON  
MONITORS  
PSI DIVISION'S  
EFFORTS -



EVEN IF WE CAN PREDICT WHERE  
THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT, WHAT  
GOOD'LL IT DO? WE CAN  
DESTROY THEIR BODIES,  
BUT NOT THEIR  
SPIRIT FORMS.

THERE'S GOTTA BE  
SOME WEAPON  
WE CAN USE  
AGAINST THEM...  
THERE'S  
GOTTA BE!

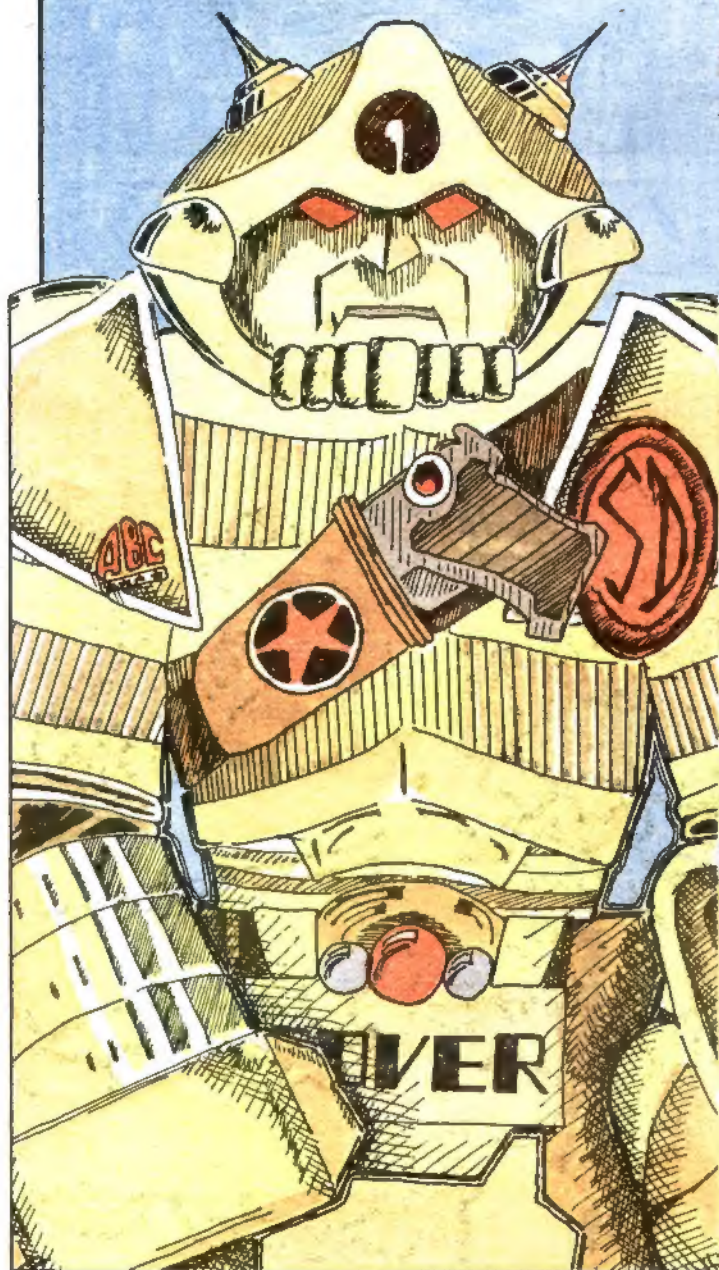
NEXT  
PROG. **THE INFINITY SOLUTION!**



Before I set out on last week's Venusian sales drive, I programmed my Colouring Robot to paint this prog's front cover, which he did. Due to a thrill-storm damaging his cut-off switch, however, he also painted these examples of Terran art (not to mention all the Command Module windows, and SIM-1's left leg). Luckily, the scans are thrill-powered enough to be programmed here, with the result that the Earthlet artists will each receive £5 as a reward for their work. The droid responsible will receive a Rigelian Hotshot as a reward for using up a year's supply of 2000 AD paint. Such is the wisdom of Tharg the Colourful!

# READERS' ART:

Drawn by Earthlet Keith Broadhead, Doncaster.



Drawn by Earthlet  
Giles Lord, Henden.

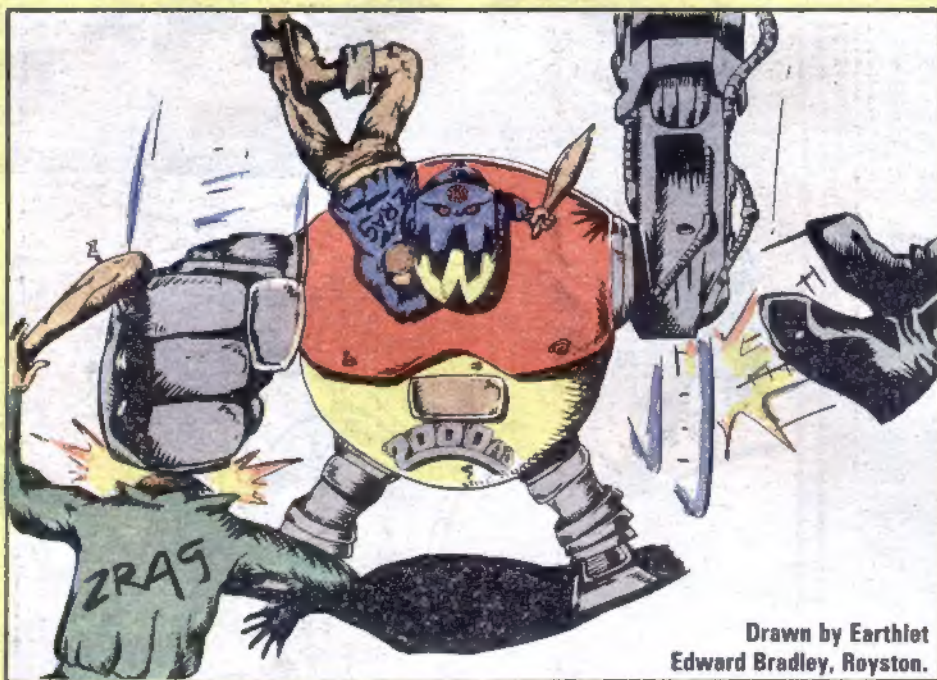


Drawn by Earthlet Jonathan Neal, London.

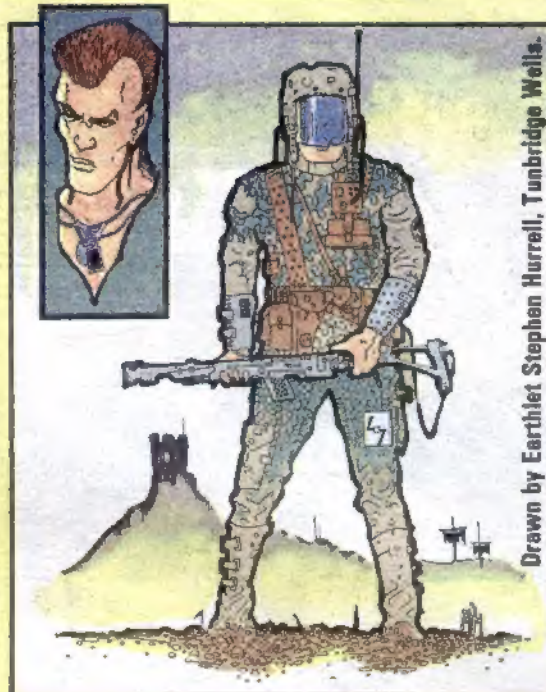




# COLOUR SUPPLEMENT!

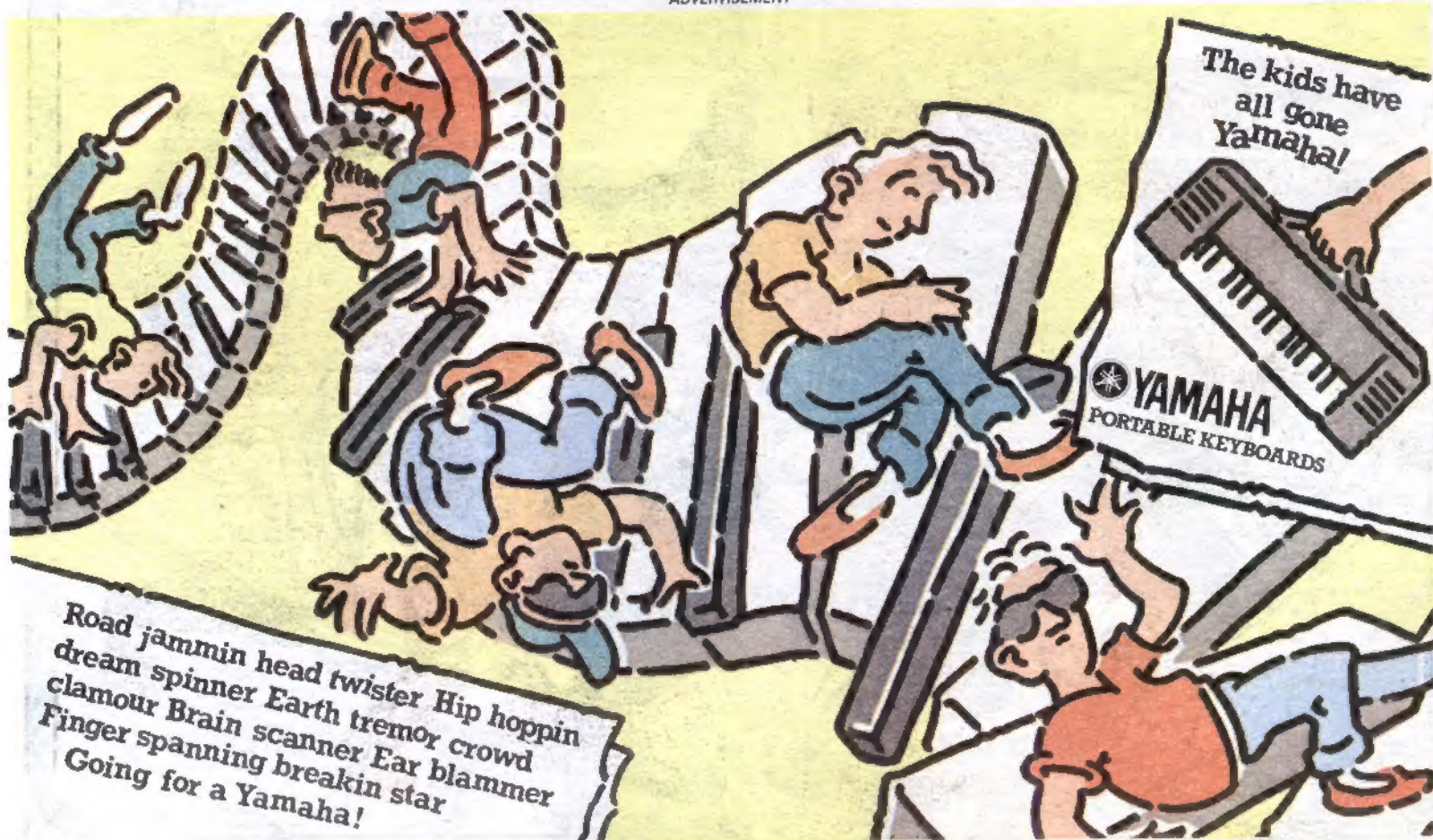


Drawn by Earthlet  
Edward Bradley, Royston.



Drawn by Earthlet Stephen Hurrell, Tunbridge Wells.

ADVERTISEMENT





**T**HE BIG CLEAN-UP OF PLANET BURRITO'S NOTORIOUS OUTLAW REFUGE — THE 49TH TERRITORY — IS WELL UNDER WAY. NOW, IN A BADLANDS CANTINA, JOHNNY ALPHA AND WULF STERNHAMMER SOCIALISE WITH THE ALIEN BOUNTY-HUNTER STONEGRIND AND HIS WIVES —

# Strontium Dog



RECKON THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN ANOTHER COUPLE OF DAYS' WORK ON THIS BUST.

WERE YOU HEADED AFTER?



OH, I'M THINKING ME AND THE GIRLS 'LL TAKE A NICE LONG HOLIDAY ON OUR REWARD MONEY. WE GOT A FAIR AMOUNT OF WOOLING TO CATCH UP ON!

LET'S JUST GET THE BUST OVER WITH FIRST, DEAR!



VELL VELL, LOOK VOT DER VIND-BLOW IN!

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: ROBOT  
ALAN GRANT  
ART: ROBOT  
CARLOS GZQUEIRA  
LETTERING: ROBOT  
GORDON ROBSON

COMPU-73e



DARKUS AND HIS HOWLERS, LICENSED ALIEN  
HEADHUNTERS

GLUG GLUG GLUGG

GOOD! KILLING  
THIRSTY WORK!

PREFER TO TAKE MINE  
ALIVE WHEN I CAN.

DEAD  
BETTER.  
LESS  
TROUBLE!

HOW YOUR LUCK BE, STRONT  
DOG? FIND XEN YET?

XEN THE BRAINWRAITH?

THERE'S SIX MILLION CRED\$ ON THAT ONE'S  
HEAD! YOU MEAN HE'S HERE, JOHNNY?

BETTER ASK DARKUS.  
HE SEEMS TO KNOW  
ALL ABOUT IT.

C'MON WULF. LET'S GO  
LOAD THOSE PROVISIONS.



OUTSIDE, JOHNNY'S PARTNER MIDDENFACE McNULTY GUARDS THE PRISONERS—

I BELONG TAE GLESGAE—DEAR AULD GLESGAE TOON! BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' THE MATTER W' GLESGAE, COS SOME BAMPOT'S BURNED IT DOON!

C'MOAN, YOUSE AT THE BACK! SING UP!

OH, I'M ONLY A COMMON AULD MUTIE-LAD, AS ONNY-YIN HERE CAN SEE. BUT WHEN I GET A COUPLE O' DRAMS ON A SETTERDAY, GLESGAE BELONGS TAE ME!

WHIT DAE YOUSE THINK, EH, LADS? THEY'RE NO' EXACTLY JIMMY SHAND AN' HIS BAND—BUT THEN, THEY'RE A' DEID ONNYWAY!

WE'RE GOING TO CHECK OUT THE TRADING POST. DARKUS KNOWS WE'RE AFTER XEN. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

RIGHT YE ARE, JOHNNY!

OKAY, LADS! NEW SONG! TAK' YER CUE FRAE ME—

JIST A WEE DOCH AN' DORRIS, JIST A WEE YIN, THAT'S A'!

JIST A WEE DOCH AN' DORRIS, AFORS YE GANG AWAY!

LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY CLUE TO XEN IN THE TRADER'S RECORDS—

XEN THE BRAINWRAITH—A BEING OF ECTOPLASMIC ENERGY WHO DWELLS IN THE BRAINS OF HIS VICTIMS. THE ONLY CLUE TO HIS PRESENCE IS THE VAST AMOUNT OF FOOD HE FORCES HIS VICTIMS TO CONSUME, IN ORDER TO SUSTAIN HIM—

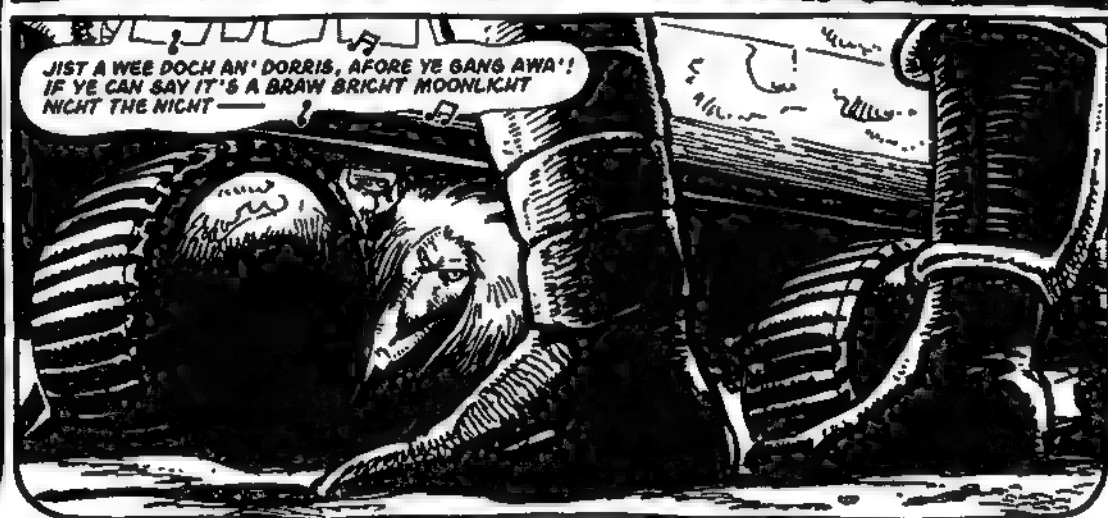
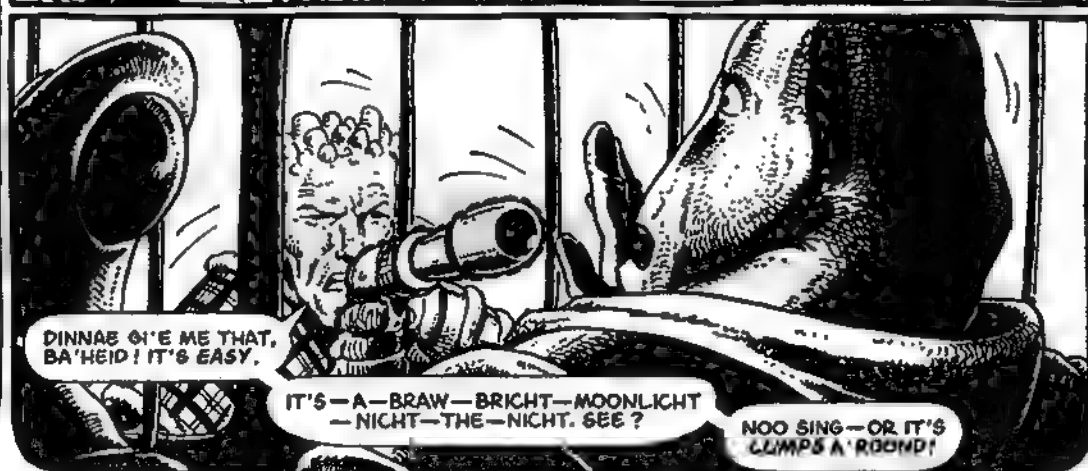
INTERESTING. THE KEELER PLACE—IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS, THEIR SUPPLY ORDER'S MORE THAN TRIPLED!

YOU THINK IS XEN?

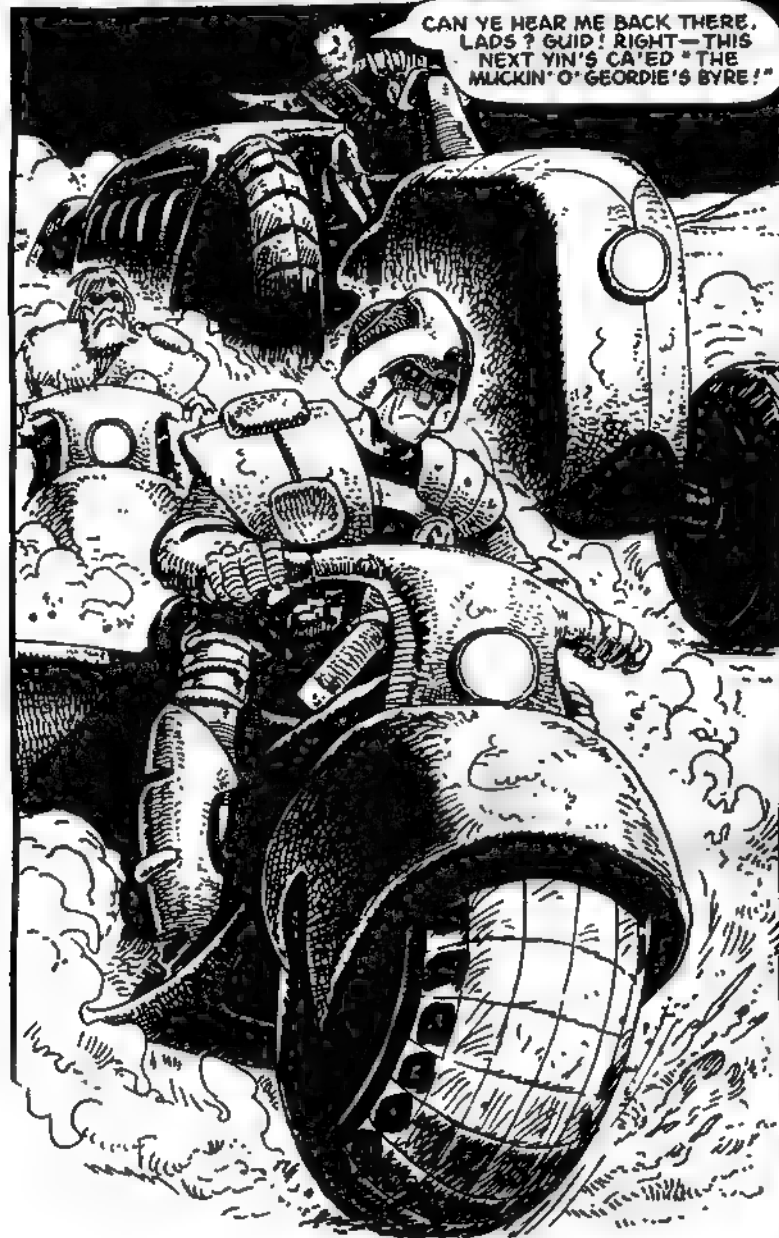
COULD BE. JUST IN CASE IT IS, I'LL MAKE SURE NOBODY ELSE FINDS OUT!

ERASE











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6th JUNE PRICE 24p





# JUDGE DREDD

AT MEGA-CITY ONE'S  
ACADEMY OF LAW -

CADET BRISCO, YOU ARE ABOUT TO UNDERGO YOUR THIRTEENTH ASSESSMENT TO DETERMINE YOUR FITNESS TO CONTINUE CADETSHIP.

THE ASSESSMENT WILL TAKE THE FORM OF AN ON-STREET INVESTIGATION IN WHICH YOU WILL DIRECT THE ACTIONS OF A SENIOR JUDGE - IN THIS CASE JUDGE DREDD.

ARE YOU  
READY P

YES, SIR.

PATCHING  
YOU  
THROUGH -

DREDD  
APPEARS  
ON SCREEN -

I HAVE BEEN CALLED TO MORAN WALK IN SECTOR 22, WHERE THE BODIES OF THREE JUVE'S HAVE BEEN FOUND. WHAT IS MY COURSE OF ACTION?

EXAMINE BODIES TO ESTABLISH I.D. AND CAUSE OF DEATH. SUMMON FORENSIC TO MAKE A THOROUGH ANALYSIS. INTERROGATE BYSTANDERS.

A SPY IN THE SKY CAMERA LINKS  
DREDD TO THE ACADEMY -

VICTIMS BEAR MULTIPLE CONTUSIONS, STAB AND SLASH WOUNDS. NO I.D.S., BUT ALL WEAR JACKETS BEARING THE NAME "DEB RIX SPUGS".

BEARS THE HALLMARKS OF A JUVE GANG SLAYING. THE SPUGS ARE A RIX BLOCK OUTFIT. TRADITIONAL RIVALS, FRANKIE WILSON BLOCK WEATHERBOYS.

COMMENTS?

YOU'VE GOT SOME  
LOCAL KNOWLEDGE  
HERE, CADET?

YES, SIR.  
I WAS BORN ON THE  
BOUGH ESTATE, IN  
RUSSELL GRANT.  
I BELIEVE MY  
PARENTS STILL  
LIVE THERE.

MEMBERS OF THE CROWD  
IDENTIFY THE VICTIMS AS  
THE KEE BROTHERS -

ANYONE  
SEE WHAT  
HAPPENED?

I DON'T NEED TO SEE TO  
KNOW WHO KILLED THEM -  
THE STINKIN' WEATHERBOYS!  
THEY AMBUSHED 'EM - CHOPPED  
'EM DOWN - THAT'S THEIR  
STYLE!

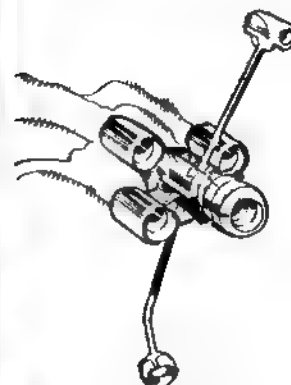
BUT THE SPUGS'LL FIX 'EM! THE BOYS ARE  
ALREADY ON THEIR WAY! I'D BE THERE  
MYSELF BUT FOR THIS RECENT  
AMPUTATION!

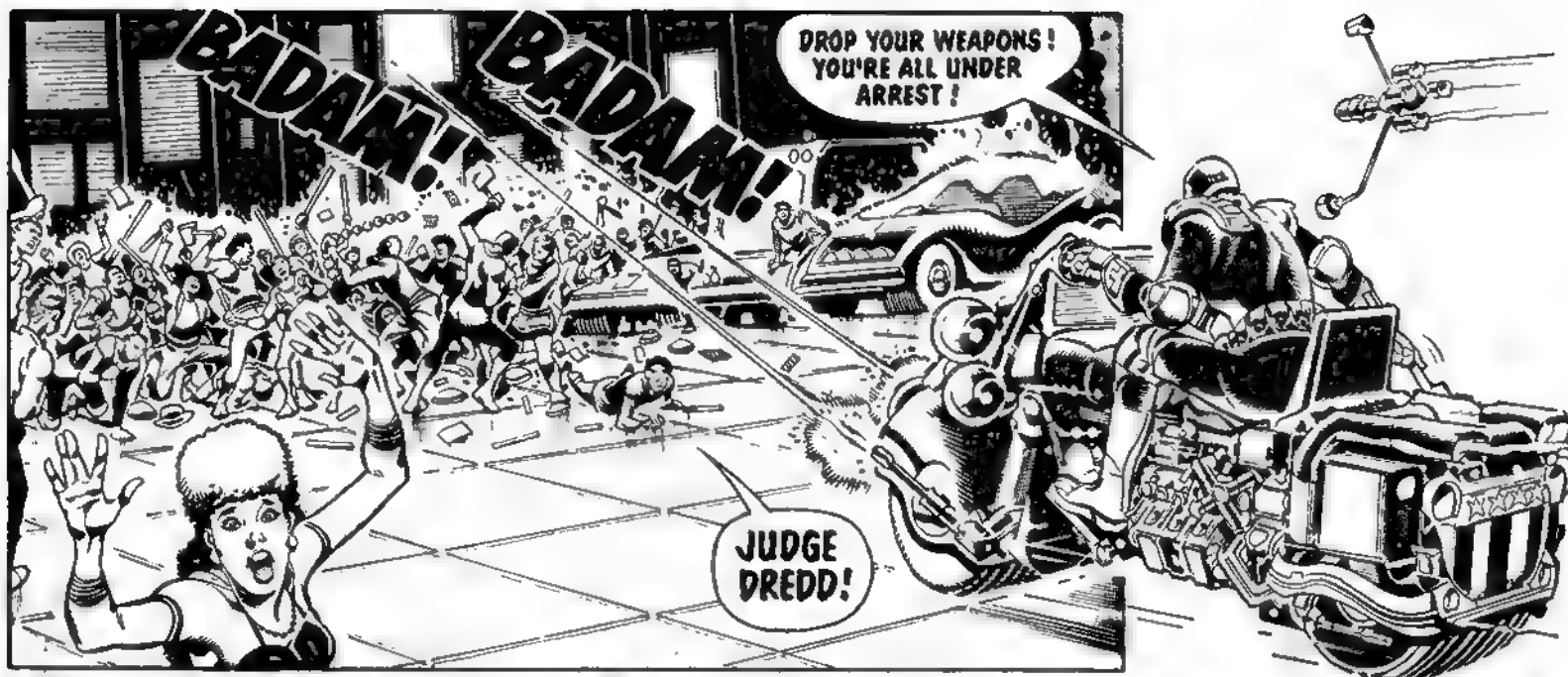
SCRIPT  
T.B. GROVER  
ART  
RON SMITH  
LETTERING  
T. FRAME





DREDD LEAVES HIS PRISONER WITH THE INCOMING FORENSIC SQUAD -

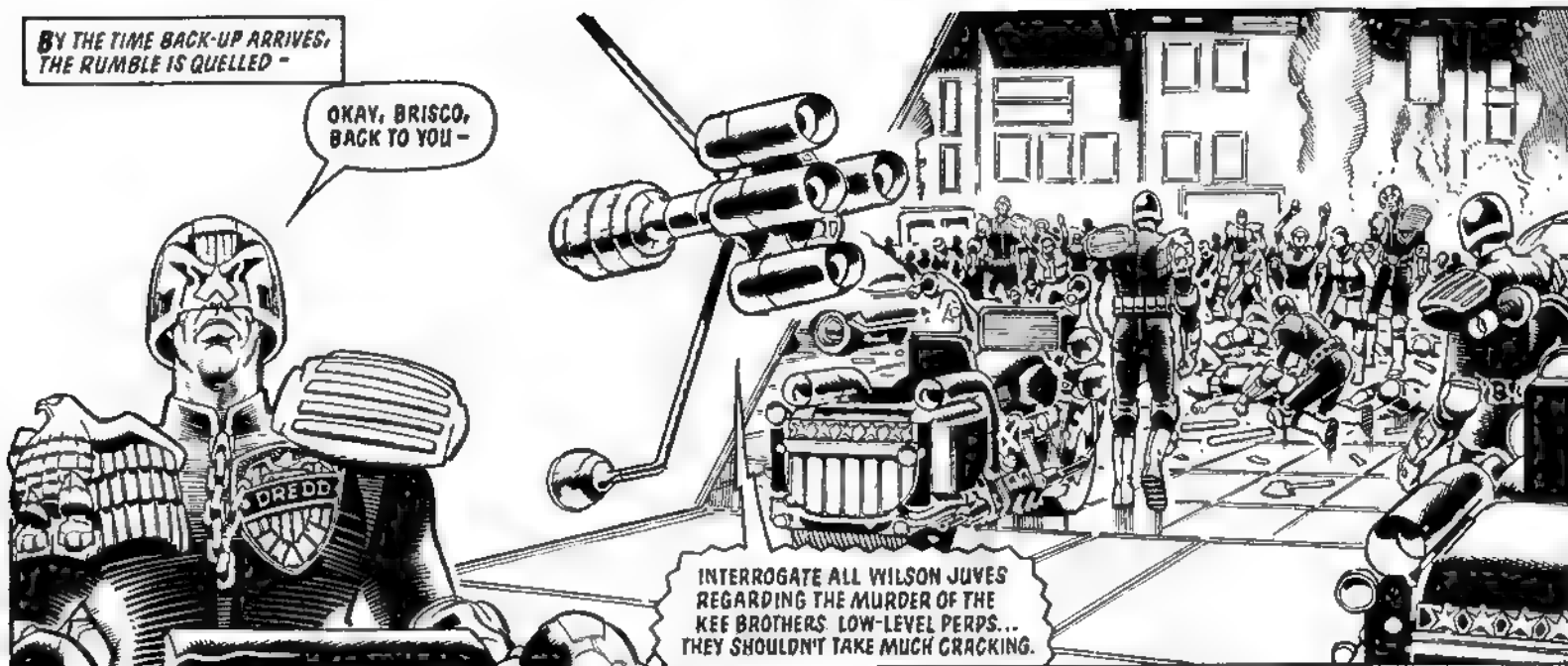




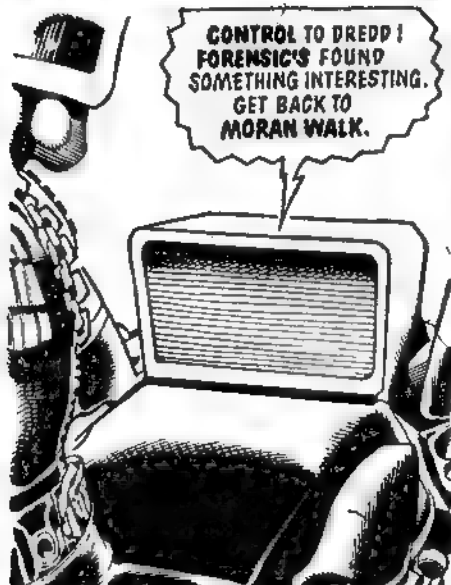


BY THE TIME BACK-UP ARRIVES,  
THE RUMBLE IS QUELLED -

OKAY, BRISCO,  
BACK TO YOU -



CONTROL TO DREDD!  
FORENSIC'S FOUND  
SOMETHING INTERESTING.  
GET BACK TO  
MORAN WALK.



BACK AT THE  
SCENE OF THE  
JUVE SLAYING -

SOMETHING STRANGE HERE, DREDD. SHAPE  
OF THE KICK WOUNDS DOESN'T CORRESPOND  
TO ANY KNOWN MAKE OF JUVE BOOT -

- WE'VE ALSO FOUND GREY HAIRS UNDER  
THE FINGERNAILS OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.  
SKIN TRACES SUGGEST THE ASSAILANT  
WAS OVER 60 YEARS OLD!



WHAT DOES THAT  
SUGGEST TO YOU,  
BRISCO?

HMM... COULD BE THE  
WORK OF AN ELDSTER  
GANG, TRYING TO LAY  
THE BLAME ON THE  
WILSON JUVES AND  
SPARK OFF A WAR.

GOOD.  
I AGREE.



WE'VE GOT A CLEAR FINGERPRINT FROM  
ONE OF THE VICTIMS' SHOULDERPADS.  
RUNNING IT THROUGH THE COMPUTER NOW.

HERE  
COMES A  
NAME -



CITIZEN BETTIS BRISCO,  
APARTMENT 9412,  
RUSSELL GRANT  
BLOCK.

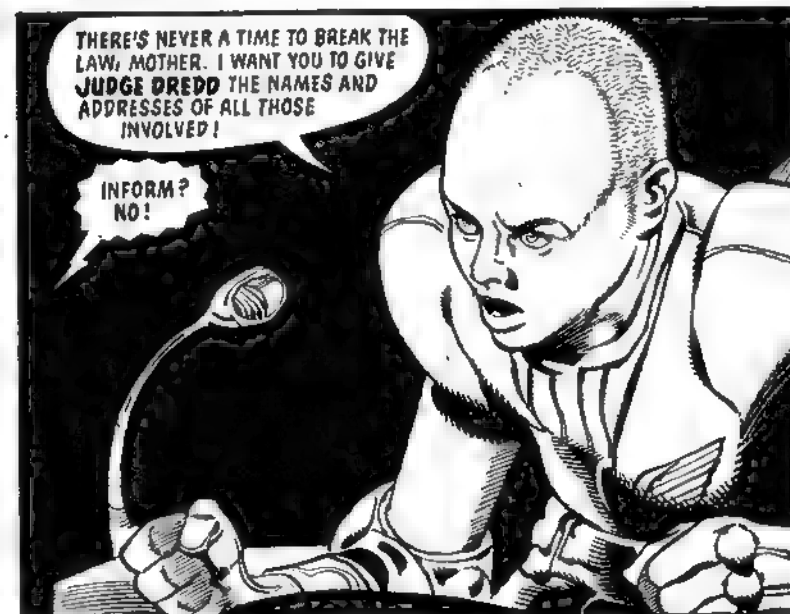
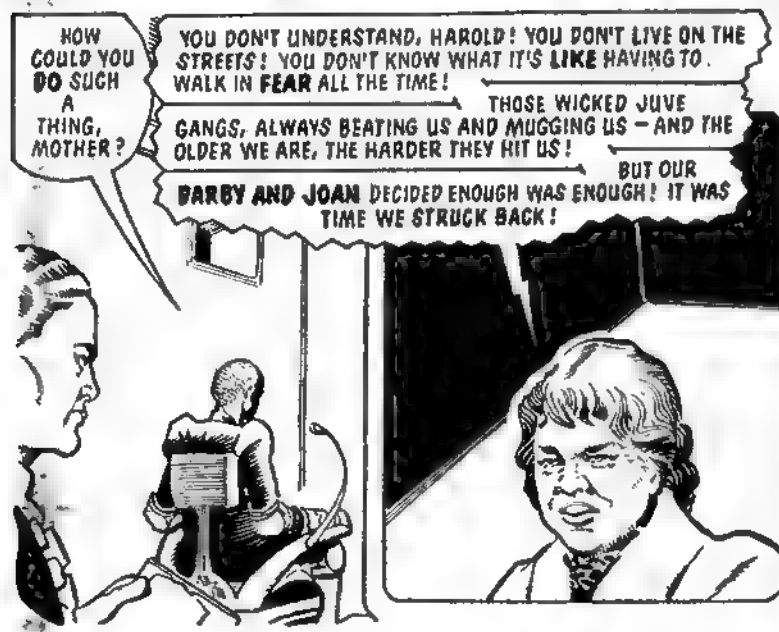
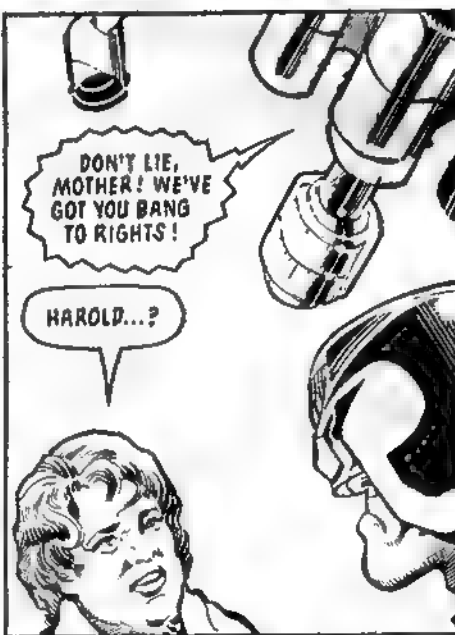
BRISCO? ANY  
RELATION,  
CADET?



YES, SIR.

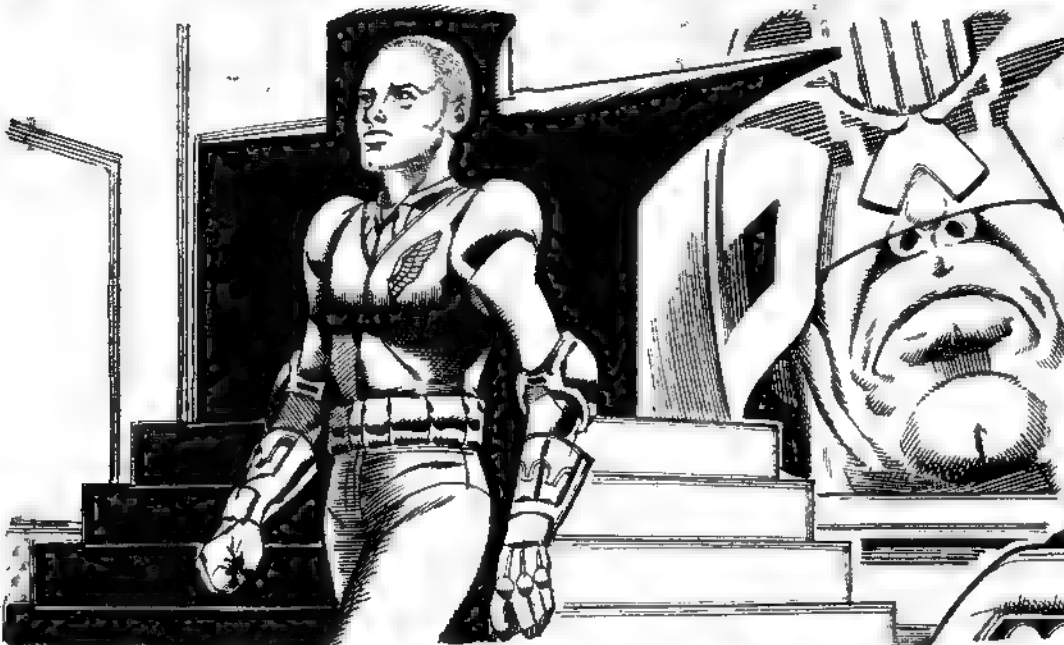
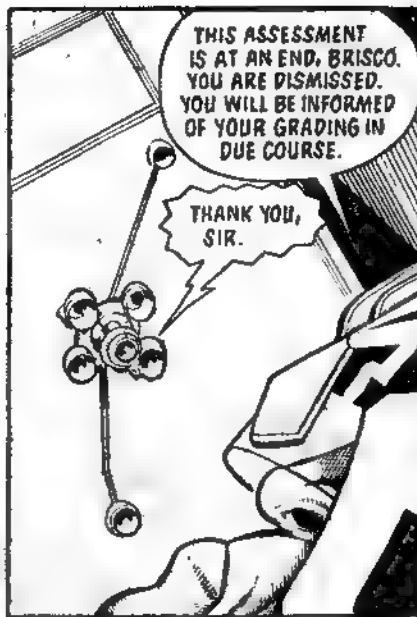
IT'S... IT'S MY...  
MOTHER.













**64 CIRCUIT-  
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**60p**

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STRONTIUM DOG

★ ★ STARRING ★ ★  
**JUDGE  
DREDD**

★ ALSO FEATURING ★  
POZZAKS HEADERS ARE  
FUTURE SHOOT AT  
THANKS PHOTO ZEST

**ON SALE NOW AT A THRILL-MERCHANT NEAR YOU!**  
**DON'T LEAVE HOME  
WITHOUT IT!**

# STAR SHADOW

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®  
ADVENTURE  
ART: TIM SELL

## When the North Wind Blows

MORWYN STARBROW AND MATT GREYSHADOW—AN ELF AND A HALF-NOB—THE STAR AND THE SHADOW—ILL-MATCHED COMPANIONS THOUGH THEY ARE, THEIR FATES RUN AS A SINGLE SLENDER PATH. TOMORROW THAT PATH MAY LEAD THEM TO SHARE DEATH OR RICHES, BUT FOR TODAY...

TWO COMPANIONS ON THE QUAYSIDE OF BJORNSEJELL, WARMING A LAY BY A SMALL FIRE ON A BOAT.

YOU SHOULDN'T RELY ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD WITH YOUR SWORD HILT.

MATT: HEY, WE CAN'T PAY THE CAPTAIN, YOU SHOULD LET ME IN. NOTICE HIM...

A WHILE LATER THEY ARE SPENDING THEIR LAST FEW COPPERS ON WARMING A L.

AT LEAST THE RECEPTION HERE IS A LOT COOLER THAN THE ONE WE LEFT DOWN SOUTH.

I'M IN A HURRY, MY FEET ARE COLD! LET'S FIND AN INN!

MORWYN THINKS SHE HEARS A NOISE OUTSIDE.

WHAT'S THAT?



THE TOWNSMEN SEEM TO TREAT IT AS JUST THE WIND.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.



MORWYN IS FIRST TO ACT.

THE TOWNSMEN QUICKLY FOLLOW WITH MATT.



LAZILY BRINGING UP THE REAR!



OUTSIDE, BY THE LIGHT OF THE TAVERN, MORWYN, MATT AND THE TOWNSMEN FIND BJORNSEJELL IN FLAMES AND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY A MENACING SEMI-CIRCLE OF LARGE WHITE WOLVES AND ICE GOBLINS.

MORWYN TURNS JUST IN TIME TO SEE A HUGE WHITE WOLF LEAP FOR HER THROAT.



NEXT ISSUE!

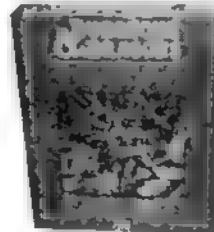
FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW!

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AVAILABLE FROM BETTER  
TOY AND HOBBY SHOPS





UNABLE TO MOVE, WE WERE CARRIED TO THE CYTHRONS' SHIP WAITING IN THE TIME LAKE...



PUT THEM ON BOARD THE VENTLA. THEY ARE TO BE TAKEN BACK TO CYTHRAWL... TO ANSWER TO THE GULEDIO - PRAISE BE HIS NAME...



AND THOSE HE KILLS INSTANTLY WILL BE FORTUNATE!

"BUT I WILL PROMISE NOT BADLY THAT THE CAPTURE OF THE MAGUS HIMSELF WILL MORE THAN COMPENSATE FOR OUR FAILURE AT CLONTARF!"



# Slaine

MEANWHILE, STRANDED IN ELS-WHERE, SLAINE AND MURDACH TRIED A SAMPLE OF PLUKE'S FLESH...

UUUH! IT STINKS LIKE A FOMORIAN'S ARM-PIT!

AND TASTES LIKE A VIKING WARRIOR'S SKRUNK-STRAP!



I'VE HAD NO PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, BUT I'M SURE YOU'RE RIGHT. COME ON - WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE.

HUH! IT WOULD BE EASIER TO CHAIN THE WIND THAN ESCAPE FROM ELS-WHERE.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

NOTHING. I'VE ONLY LOST MY KINGDOM, MY FATHER AND MY SON - ALL IN ONE DAY!

NOT TO MENTION MY IMMORTAL SOUL FOR CONSORTING WITH DEMONS LIKE YOU!











PLUKE!

THE ANIMAL'S  
WOUND  
SEEMED TO  
HAVE  
MIRACULOUSLY  
HEALED...



ELFRIG CALLED TO DARK CREATURES  
FLYING OVERHEAD.

AFTER  
THEM, MY  
CHILDREN!



OCH! THAT  
WAS A LUCKY  
ESCAPE! THEY  
STRUCK A CHILL  
EVEN IN ME!

SURELY  
THERE CAN  
BE NO  
GREATER  
WARRIORS  
THAN THE  
ELS IN YOUR  
TIME OR  
MINE?



THEY MAY  
BE GREATER  
THAN YOURS—  
BUT NOT  
MINE.



THERE  
ARE NONE  
GREATER  
THAN THE  
TUATHA DE  
DANAAN!

THE  
TRIBES  
OF THE  
EARTH  
GODDESS  
DANU!



IN THE VENTLA WE SLOWLY RECOVERED FROM THE TIME WORM'S BREATH...



WHERE ARE WE?



TRAVELLING THROUGH A WORM-HOLE IN TIME TO CYTHRAWL, PLANET OF THE CYTHRONS...

...WHERE WE ARE TO HAVE THE DOUBTFUL PLEASURE OF MEETING THEIR LEADER—THE GULEDIE, ACCURSED BE HIS NAME!



THEN WORK A SPELL TO GET US OUT OF HERE!

MYRDDIN IS DRAINED FROM TURNING HIS BLOOD INTO FIRE.

BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS A MAGUS?



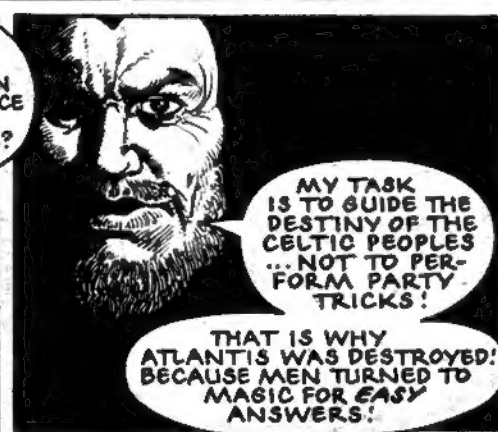
AS TLACHTGA PUT CLOT ASH ON MYRDDIN'S PALMS TO CONGEAL THE CUTS...



UKKO...UKKO... MAGIC IS A SCIENCE LIKE ANY OTHER—THERE ARE LAWS THAT HAVE TO BE OBEYED...

JUST AS THERE IS AN OCCULT LAW THAT EVIL REBOUNDS ON THE HEAD OF THE EVIL-DOER, SO, TOO, THERE IS A LAW THAT THE INTERVENTION OF A MAGUS—EVEN FOR GOOD—WILL AFFECT THE MACROCOSMIC BALANCE IN FAVOUR OF EVIL!

SO YOU'RE GOING TO MAINTAIN THIS BALANCE BY DOING NOTHING?



MY TASK IS TO GUIDE THE DESTINY OF THE CELTIC PEOPLES...NOT TO PERFORM PARTY TRICKS!

THAT IS WHY ATLANTIS WAS DESTROYED: BECAUSE MEN TURNED TO MAGIC FOR EASY ANSWERS!



I ONLY ASKED!



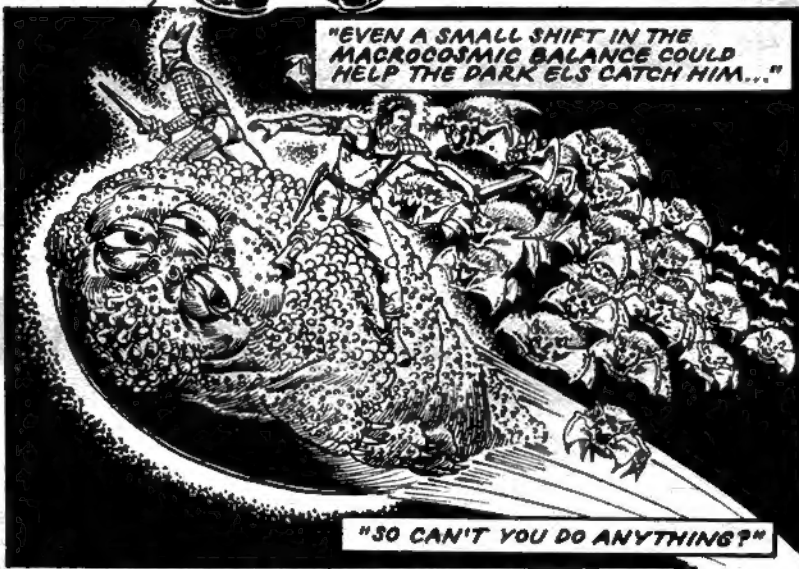
I DON'T LIKE YOU. I DON'T LIKE YOU AT ALL.

NOT EVEN A TINY SPELL?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOGROOTH...

LET ME EXPLAIN... AT THE MOMENT SLAINE IS IN ELS—WHERE WHICH FORMS PART OF THE MACROCOSM...

THERE HE FACES TERRIBLE DANGER FROM THE DARK ELS OR 'DEV-ELS'...



"EVEN A SMALL SHIFT IN THE MACROCOSMIC BALANCE COULD HELP THE DARK ELS CATCH HIM..."

"SO CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING?"

"AND THE MORE THE DARK ELS OUT-NUMBER THE LIGHT EL, THE GREATER ITS CHANCE OF ESCAPING WITH SLAINE..."



WHY DID HE SAVE US? WE TRIED TO EAT HIM! AND WHERE'S HE GOING?

BACK TO HIS NEST TO EAT US? WHO CARES...?

...OUT OF ELS—WHERE, ANYWAY!



"THE DARK ELS HAVE DONE IT FOR ME! THEIR INTERVENTION WILL CAUSE A LIGHT EL, OR 'ANG-EL', TO COME TO HIS AID..."

PLUKE'S OUTFLYING THEM!

BUT...

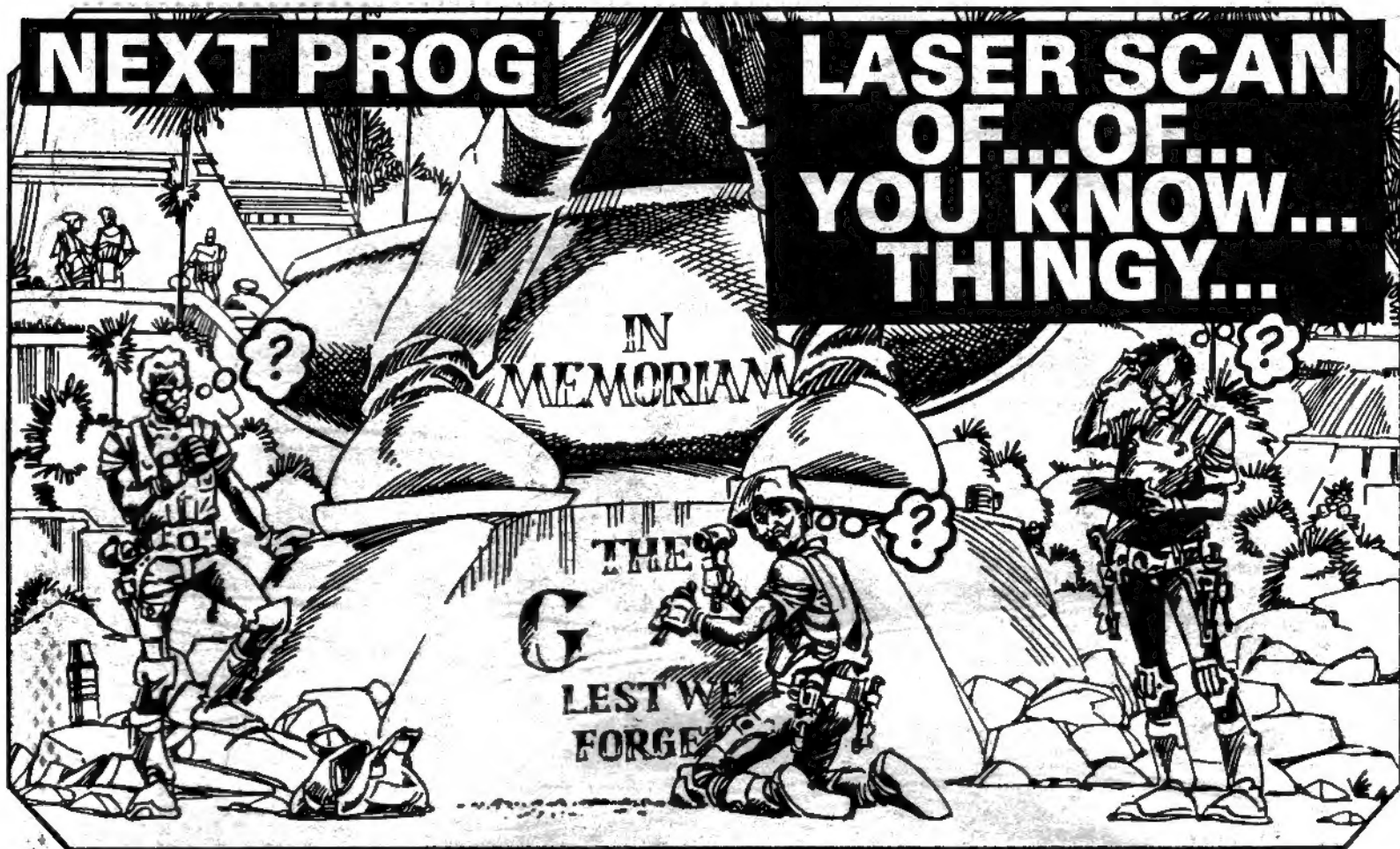
TWICE YOU'VE THWARTED ME, SLAINE! THAT TILTS THE MACROCOSMIC BALANCE BACK IN MY FAVOUR!

WHEN WE MEET AGAIN IN CYTHRAWL, I HAVE TO BE THE VICTOR!

YES, I AM THE TIME KILLER NOW!

NEXT PROG:

PLUKE'S PROGRESS?



**BRIAN KO! BOXER WEETABIX CRUNCH**

**EAGLE-TIGER**

**I'VE HAD A BRAINWAVE! BRAINS**

**DUNK PUMPING WHEAT**

**WHIZZER chips**

**ROY OF THE ROVERS**

**FREE Weetabix BADGE**

**YOUR FAVOURITE BREAKFAST BUDDIES FROM YOUR FOUR FAVOURITE WEEKLIES!**

**ONE FULL-COLOUR BADGE WITH EVERY ISSUE!**

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